Dame of Honor about the Empress Charin Maximilian's court in Mexico. Napoleon III. "had recalled her from the Mexican court to her old circle in the Tuileries, to St. Cloud, to Complègne," and had then sent her back again upon a secret assion. There is a picture of her, showing her standing on the deck of the vessel on which she sailed. It is plain that she was

very French and very pretty. She was also a very merry young lady. She insisted on going ashore at Tampico, at which turbulent and sun baked port the ship had put in, owing to stress of weather. She was tired of the motion of the ship and wished to take a walk. The warm weather was nothing to her. She was eager for the danger, of which there was plenty. Of course this whim of Jacqueline's was wrong. She was trustee of a very important Napoleonic scheme. It says: "She was the spirit of the enigma, the very perconification of the Napoleonic sphinx. She the Imperial Secret flung a thousand

leagues, there to work itself out alone in a new land of empire." She ought to have been cautious, but it was impossible for her to resist adventure. She was delighted when she met at a

café in Tampico the fierce stranger, a terrible bandit, Rodrigo Galan. There is a picture of Rodrigo, from which it is apparent that his eyebrows were a far nore terrible part of him than his mustache. This picturesque but meager vilhin easily persuaded our heroine to abandon the idea of returning to the ship, and to undertake the rest of her journey overand under his escort. There were lively times during Jacqueline's brief sojourn at Tampico. The hero of the story came upon the scene, a quiet and humorous young Missourian named Driscoll, fresh from four years of strenuous activities in the Confederate Army. Driscoll took the part of the French sailors who had escorted Jacqueline from the ship, and who engaged in combat with Rodrigo and his

We were sincerely sorry for the bandit hieftain at this tumultuous juncture The French took to boxing with their feet. One of them, "a bullet headed lad of Normandy." jumping in front of Rodrigo. drew up one knee, for all the world like dancer who then and there meant to out a pigeon's wing. His foot described circle under the knee, then the performer mmed partly round, and as a lightning bolt his leg straightened out full against Don Rodrigo's stomach. The ranchero dropped like a bag of sand, except that be groaned." Time and again our bandit offered in this manner. He was "deposited fat on his back each time he tried to rise till the sole of a foot took on more terror than a cannon's mouth." He was very angry. When the shindy was over Jacque-line remarked him "fuming in ignoble es on his back." He must, however, have had an excellent stomach. He was up and about, as good as ever, in a few inutes. Others surely were far worse of than he was, leaving out the ignominy of his experience. Bandits and sailors had "plied their knives, so that there was much soppy red spreading over the yellow-sh white of shirts and over the blue of

only to do fancy tricks. Raising his weap-eas no higher than his waist, he shot the handit's pistol out of his hand and his hat of his head. This was before Rodrigo rest Driscoll used only his fists. The story calls him the Storm Center. We read: 'The Storm Center was merely workmanlike. He put away the six shooters, and strove bareheaded with joy and vigor, hat it was anything rather than romance. It might have been geometry, in that a foe is safer horizontal than perpendicular, and the theorem he applied industriously, with simple faith and earnest fists."

It will be remarked with what lightness and humor the author sets forth the prowess of Driscoll. Jacqueline is playful all through the story. She loves to shudder. She also loves epigrams, and furnishes a great mber. The flora and fauna of Mexico pleased her when she was journeying out M Tampico. "A dilettante such as Jacqueine, esthetic and delicately sensitive, was naturally a lover of the beautiful in her search after emotions. A sentiment for er surroundings came now as a matter of tourse. If she turned, she beheld the chaperral plain stretching flatly back of her to he sands and lagoons of the coast. If she firted her whip overhead, down hurtled shower of bright yellow hail from he laden boughs. Her nostrils told her of magnolias and orange blossoms, her eyes and ears of parrots and paroquets and every other conceit in fantastic plumage. They were a restless kaleidoscope of colors blending with the foliage, and from their turmoil they might have been quarreling myriads and never birds of a paradise. Little red monkeys grinned down at her as they raced clutching among the branches, while a big bandy legged sambo, an exceedingly ill tempered member of the same family, bawled his reproaches in a tone gruesomely human. Now and then her horse reared from an adder squirming under foot, or she would see a torpid twined sluggishly around a limb, as about a victim. Once in a junglelike place the experienced something akin to the prized ecstatic shudder as she made out he sleek form of a jaguar slinking into

the swamp." But this was merely an introduction There were plenty of ecstatic shudders o come. The Emperor Maximilian is a conspicuous and surprising figure in the story. The reader will find plenty here both to surprise and to stir him.

The "Moods" of George Hood.

To see clearly into the life and soul of a man is something of an experience, and we dare say that the reader will feel his interest awakened by the promise involved n the opening lines of Horace G. Hutchinon's story of "Two Moods of a Man" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Here is the London gentleman to whom this experience was vouchsafed making his first acquaintance with the man whose moods were to be opened to him through reading, not exactly surreptiously, but secretly, and certainly without invitation, a brief letter written by the man of moods to his bootmaker. This happened in the writing room of a club in St. James's street. The letter lay open, with the ink still damp upon it. The writer had gone out of the room, possibly to purchase a stamp. "As our friend of impending experience, who self relates this story, and whom we will call X for the purpose of easy identieturned to the room and surprised him a the act. Thereupon the pleasant and mate acquaintanceship between them, he facts of which this history records, and its beginning. It seems to be reasonable and proper to add that the writer of the letter notified his bootmaker that he was returning one pair out of three pairs of boots newly received because they squeaked

The letter was signed with the name of George Hood. Conversation naturally turned upon the subject of boots, and X learned that it was George Hood's habit to buy three pairs of boots at a time and that he could not abide boots that squeaked. From these confidences Hood opened himself to X-though only very gradually, for, though pleasant, he was a difficult man to know with anything like intimacy-until it came to the memorable day when, much to X's surprise, he asked him to come and stay with him for a few days in the country. was delighted. He had never known that Hood had a place in the country, and asked him where it was. Hood, curiously, was not entirely sure. He said that he knew pretty nearly, but could not be exact. He thought that if X, on the Monday following, would meet him at the Victoria station they could manage to get a right start. X met him on the Monday at 4 P. M. They booked for Hartfield. Hood said he thought that would be very close to where they were going. They got to Hartfield, which is on the edge of Ashdown Forest, in the northern angle of Sussex, at a quarter to 6. A fly met them as dusk was falling. Hood explained to the driver that he was not sure as to what road they should take. They drove for some miles out upon a vast dark heath. At a point of singular black-ness and desolation Hood said that he thought that was about as near as they could get. He and X descended, and the fly drove away.

X's heart was in his mouth. He was not aware at that time that Hood was married to a gipsy, and that to go home to dinner with a gipsy's husband naturally involved much uncertainty as regarded location, as well as great loneliness of some. Mrs. Hood turned out to be a beauty. The story calls her the "Venus of the van," the van being the Hood movable country home. Her lines were all strictly Grecian, even to her waist, which had the size that a corset does not permit. As for coloring, hers was Spanish after Velasquez. Several charming pages are devoted to telling just how Mrs. Hood looked. They prove beyond question that it was well worth while to be nearly frightened to death—to be out for several hours with a lunatic in the dark, according to all evidences-in order to have supper with her. Her cooking was excellent. There was squirrel soup, than which adventurous pottage X had never tasted better. Trout followed. After that came a chicken and a landrail on the same plate Then an omelet, with just a trifle too much garlie for X's taste, and apples and coffee to top the generous feast. Appropriate conversation went along. It transpired in the course of it that Hood had often eaten badger, but never hedgehog. He had found the hedgehog too "sniffy," or odoriferous. Mrs. Hood, however, was fairly fond of it. She ate it when she was in "company"-that is, with the other gipsies. She followed the gipsy custom of baking it in a ball of clay, but she always killed it first. She considered it cruel to cook a hedgehog alive, which was the

So, then, there was one of Hood's moods This quiet and retiring London clubman had a gipsy wife who was as beautiful as Venus and who mercifully killed her hedgehog before she baked it. He read poems to her, especially those of Robert Bridges, which she liked particularly. His nature seemed to fit him to enjoy such a life as he had permitted his friend X to have a glimpse of. He must have been a reading man and a man given to cogitation, for after breakfast, when he had X out to his place in the country, he lay on his back in the heather and talked philosophy enough to fill the fifth and sixth chapters -talked very well, too. He also played with the baby-he was father as well as husband-going on all fours to catch it which was delightful; yet so systematic by the ankle when it offered to tumble strong and a strange contrast to the denizen of the club in St. James's street, who was particular about his boots, buying three pairs at a time and insisting that they should not squeak. But this chronicle, in its revelation of Hood's London life, does not stop short at the club. In the eighth chapter we come to a somewhat startling expansion of the urban and conventional mood of Hood.

usual way.

For some months after his visit to the country our friend X did not see Hood One evening, however, he went to the theater and saw George Hood sitting with a lady in the second row. He learned on inquiry that the lady was the beautiful Miss Olga Whatman of Philadelphia, with an income of \$100,000 a year, and that Hood had been dancing attendance upon her for some time and was expected to marry her. This was surprising. It would have been surprising even if there had been no gipsy wife and baby moving about in the wilder and more obscure parts of the country, for the American heiress was of a light or "sandy" coloring and very clever, and Hood had once distinctly said to X: "Damn all clever women. Damn all sandy women. Damn all sandy clever Yet now he was looking at Miss Whatman, not at all as though he was disposed to damn her, a d the rumor. doubtless well founded, was what we have

The story goes on to study these two moods by which George Hood was distinguished, and to relate what happened in consequence of them. There is a chapter about Hood's father, from which it may be gathered that the elder Hood was a man of stern nature and a man likely to prefer that his son should marry an heiress rather than a gipsy. There is a chapter entitled "Poor Gracia!" Gracia being the name of Hood's gipsy wife. Still another chapter is entitled "George Hood's Second Marriage, and surely that title carries a good deal of illumination. Other titles tell us of a return from a honeymoon, of a soothing of the sea, of a wife and her husband, of the bonds of matrimony, of fumes of oblivion of the second Mrs. Hood, of remorse, of explanations, of a felony, and of the hand of death. Surely the reader will make out from these something of what happened in the case of George Hood; but just as surely he will want to read the book itself, and, in this desire we have no wish to deter him. Of course there is a "problem," but it is decently and sensitively treated, and the story has cleverness and other compensations.

heard.

Some Distinguished Theologians.

Of late a number of books by well known divines have come to us, of which some notice must be taken. It is hardly the contents, but the literary quality, that the reviewer must notice The Bishop of Ripon, the Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, delivered a course of six lectures or sermons at Harvard University in the Phillips Brooks House last fall, and these are published under the title "The Witness to the Influences of Christ," by Houghton, Mifflip & Co. They are admirable as examples of simple and elegant English and more admirable still for the skill with which had to say without leaving them any ground of objection to his dootrine.

The sermons delivered by the Rev. Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus to his congregation n Chicago, Amplified by the demands of the Chau auqua assembly, are published as "Paths to Power," by the Fleming H. Revel Company. They are vigorous addresses, in which the language sometimes descends to colloquialisms and occasionally, we fear unconsciously, to the slang of the street, but the point the speaker wishes to make is kept clearly before the hearer, and there is very little of the jargon of the pulpit.

Two sets of lectures by the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, one delivered before the Yale Theological Seminary, the other at Berkeley, Cal., have been amplified into "The Christian Ministry" (Houghton, Miffin & Co.). They are scholarly, they are thoughtful, with none of the rhetorical platitudes of his successor at Plymouth Church, but they certainly appeal more to the intellect than to the heart, and will never set the world afire.

A labor of piety has been performed by Sophia Eurt Kimball in collecting a number of the writings of the late Dr. David Swing (the Editor, Chicago). To the general public Dr. Swing is known chiefly for his theological controversies and his trial for heresy. To his own congregation he was their pastor. To them this volume must be welcome as a memorial of the man. There are two introductory articles by Dr. Gunsaulus and by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.

It is curious that, compared with these olumes, a book by the Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage, who represents the most advanced stage of Unitarianism, "Life's Dark ems" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), should sound light and trivial. It contains far more of the hollow and meaningless phrases that make up for lack of thought in sermons, and seems addressed to an audience that can do no hard thinking for itself.

In "Modern Masters of Pulpit Discourse" (Funk & Wagnalls Company) Prof. William Cleaver Wilkinson of the University of Chicago puts together from various religious publications his estimate of eighteen preachers, most of whom, if not all, he has seard. To each he prefixes a statement of the circumstances under which he heard them. He adds eighteen sonnets, shuffling them up so that the reader may guess who is intended. He furthermore adds his estimate of Christ and of St. Paul, also with sonnets. Most of his subjects were men of distinction, but the book would have gained if the author had held less sectarian

The First Savoy King.

It is a dangerous thing for an amateur to dabble with historical records, as the hopelessly mixed up essay in two volumes which the Marchesa Vitelleschi, who was the Hon. Miss Cochrane-Baillie, has published as "The Romance of Savoy; Victor Amadeus II. and His Stuart Bride" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) proves. The author had unusual opportunities for consulting archives, and seems to have employed them, too, but her yearning for the picturesque leads her to introduce the trivial and doubtful as of equal importance, and she has no grasp of the essentials in history. It requires a pretty thorough knowledge of history to winnow the wheat from the chaff in her book, which to the general reader must be wellnigh incomprehensible.

The man and the period she deals with are interesting in the extreme, and at the same time present one of the worst tangles in diplomatic history. By playing one side against another, when any one of the European powers was able to crush him, the little Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus, managed to save his dominions intact and to be made by the Treaty of Utrecht King of Sicily, a kingdom that he was soon obliged to exchange for Sardinia. That title his successors converted into King of Italy in the last century. He held the threads of diplomacy in his own hand and of the Emperor and of Spain.

His personal character is an extraordinary psychological problem. Browning has tried to describe him in his last years in "King Victor and King Charles." The one thread through the apparent inconsistencies is in the object which he steadfastly pursued, the preservation of his sovereignty. He certainly should be, if only for the sake of clearness, the central figure in an account of his time. He married, however, a daughter of Henrietta of Orleans and granddaughter of Charles I. of England, and her descendants, after the extinction of the male Stuarts, are the hypothetical legitimist" representatives of that house. The author, unfortunately, has this fact

chiefly in mind. So the uneventful life of the unfortunate. colorless Princess is kept before the reader with the petty Stuart intrigues and hopes. There is no way of telling whether praise or blame is deserved or not. No character is clearly defined, no action clearly stated. No doubt a great deal of labor has been spent on the book, but the materials are presented to the reader in a wholly undigested form. The subservient tone toward all persons of quality, which goes so far as to insert abbreviations denoting ran!: in translations of documents where they do not exist in the originals, is out of place in a historical work.

This might have been either a picture of court manners or a historical essay. It tries to be both and is neither. It is a very difficult book to read.

Happy Only When He Writes. A note by the publishers intimates the serious vein of "Musa Verticordia," a book of poems by Francis Coutts (John Lane: The Bodley Head). That a melancholy and even despairing note is also sounded in some of these studious lines is made evident by the poem entitled "Solitude," which we are pleased to quote:

Has it been your part long years to toll In passionate intellectual pain, Amid the false world's fret and foil, Insinuating "Ail is vain"?

To hear the human Mind, besot And know that you can rouse it not? Ah, then, you are alone, alone! The Last Man will be lone as this.

Because with warm, red lips you kiss The cold, white lips of the Sphinx. In the final poem here the poet tells t that he is happy while writing, and only then. "While invention holds the session;" he inquires, "who so blithe as I?" But afterward "comes the deep depression, all is vacancy." This being the case, it is plain that the need of the poet is to be diligent.

When down the sky the last day sinks:

shail be glad to have another book from Mother and Son.

Our wish is that he may be happy, and we

The materials for an excellent story have been prepared by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture in "Peter's Mother" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). There are two good themes that might have been worth working out with care, the boy who looks on his mother as an old woman and cannot understand that a man should fall in love with her, and the lover with no hope for himself who tries his best that she may be made happy with the man the lecturer, speaking as he imagined to she loves. The people when first we meet Uniterious, succeeded in maying what he them are interesting, but they stay pit;

the author seems to have drawn her puppet them: There is plenty of epigram; also some pretty descriptions, but somehow or other life seems to be missing. It almost looks as though the author

were trying to exhibit the mechanism of a clever novel from behind the scenes. For those who do not mind this, and who will close their eyes when the machinery is too apparent, the book may read as santly as a love story by "The Duchess." There was a chance for a good story, however, which the author has missed,

In the days when Planous was consul

reotle may have blundered as to what books were suited to youth-"Oliver Twist" was called a child's book then-but at least a boy or girl who wanted to read came in contact with the books themselves, and not with predigested extracts of what their minds should or could assimilate. Twelverear-olds did not fear to tackle "Robinson Crusoe" or "Ivanhoe" or "Pickwick" or even Shakespeare's plays, and what they could not or should not understand glided something that lasted of the books and of the authors and were ready to return to them when they grew older. Then came the days of reverence for the child and of classics in one syllable versions, taking away the keenness of the young reader's appetite and the power to tackle solid literary food. Why Shakespeare should be diluted for children we cannot understand. If a child has not sufficient imagination to enjoy the plays it had better wait till it grows up. If parents insist on the stories being known before the plays are read they can turn to another English classic, Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." However, the task has been performed again by Alice Spencer Hoffman in "Stories from Shakespeare's Plays for Children, published in pretty little square volumes, with all the typographical attractiveness that J. M. Dent & Co. give to their books (E. P. Dutton & Co.). There is one play to a volume, and to each the blographical introduction is prefixed. The six volumes before us include "The Tempest," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Merchant of Venice, "King Richard the Second" and "King Henry the Fifth." The author makes the capital mistake of talking down to her readers. The reverence due to youth makes her veil the facts effectively in her biography, for instance, regarding Shakespeare's married life, and the tone is that of a fairy tale. The two historical plays are filled out with facts that help to make the history intelligible, but which are not Shakespeare, and there is a needful reticence about parts of the other plays. The author's intentions are good, she tells the story directly and quotes frequently. We cannot but hope, nevertheless, that children will first learn to know their Shakespeare directly from the plays.

From L. C. Page & Co., Boston, come six little volumes of varying character, providing youth with up to date literature. Two, by Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, treat natural history from the modern sentimental point of view, providing animals with human feelings. In "The Little People of the Sycamore" the vicissitudes of a raccoon family are described; in "The Return to the Trail," the unhappy fate of a civilized bear. "Our Little French Cousin," by Blanche McManus, has more individuality and story than most of the books in "Our Little Korean Cousin," by H. Lee M. Pike, places information first. The hopes built on some amusing people, old and young, in "How Christmas Came to the Mulvaneys," by Frances Margaret Fox, dies out with a plot of stereotyped mawkish sentimentality. The bold imagination that tries to paint the childhood of Boston's early settlers in their old home in the English Boston may cause the reader to forgive the highflown language of the people and the antiquarian statements in "A Little Puritan Cavalier," by Edith Robinson. There is no excuse, however, for slandering the series of which it forms part, while fought against the might of Louis XIV., the highflown language of the people and There is no excuse, however, for slandering Oliver Cromwell, and less for introducing the college vell into the seventeenth cen tury. "Ralph Irby! He's-all-right!
Ralph-'rah! Ralph-'rah! Ralph-'rah! Boston!" We don't believe Lincolnshire

would stand for that even nowadays. Though the story is by no means so little known as the author assumes, it was certainly worth while for Mr. Gordon Hall Gerould to retell the legend of "Sir Guy of Warwick" (Rand, McNally & Co.). The book makes a handsome appearance. The author tells his story directly in a stately prose reminiscent of the old romances, but with no effort at archaism. The vocabulary is necessarily poetic. Excellent though it is, we should hardly call it, however, "the good rich English of to-

Robbery, incendiarism, sleuthing, besides sensational adventures on the water. provide, excitement in Mr. Ruel P. Smith's The Rival Campers" (L. C. Page & Co.). Whether they are the proper food for young boys' minds we cannot say. Standards of what is fitting in literature may have changed for young as well as for old of late years. The complicated geography of the island and its adjacent waters, on which much of the story turns, deserves a map, which would be clearer than the author's verbal explanations.

We should not care to send a girl to the boarding school described by Tannenforst in "The Thistles of Mount Cedar" (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia). It is difficult to decide whether the young persons or their teachers are the more foolish. The story is told awkwardly.

Other Books.

Mr. Eustace H. Mills is turning out books on the proper form of food to eat or on the way in which to take exercise at a rate which we are unable to follow. His latest is "An Alphabet of Athletics" (George Routledge & Sons; E. P. Dutton & Co.), another plea for his gospel of "Fitness," which we take to be his term for general exercise. Why he calls it an alphabet we cannot make out, for there is nothing alphabetical about it; the order is rather numerical. Perhaps he means a primer. He repeats in brief what he has said at much greater length before. His books are illustrated by diagrams of skeletons, reminding one of Traddles, while the plates of footprints bring Robinson Crusoe's dis-

Another book on roses appears in "The Amateur Gardener's Rose Book," by the late Dr. Julius Hoffmann, translated by John Weathers (Longmans, Green & Co.). For American purposes the book suffers from the fact that it was written with German conditions in view, which the translator thought would have to be considered with regard to the British climate. It is written very clearly, however, and with German thoroughness, so that American rose growers may learn something from it. It will give them information at any rate about the

them information at any race about the roses grown in northern Baropa.

To whom do the books on etiquette appeal? Mr. Charles Harceurt's "Good Form for Men" (The John G. Winsten Company, Philadelphia) deals disky was about the second of the

PUBLICATIONS

PUBLICATIONS.

Have you read Rudyard Kipling's story "An Habitation Enforced" in the August Century?

"Kipling remains at the head. . . . One of the masterpleces of re-freshing realism in the guise of fiction."—Boston Herald. "The strongest feature of the August monthlies, and the luck of it falls to The Century. It belongs with the group whereof The Brushwood Boy' and 'They' and certain others are examples."—Brooklyn Eagls.

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imagine the rules laid down are only ephemeral. When it comes to conduct there is no doubt that the author's directions are orthodox, but some of the don'ts make us wonder what class of society he thinks

Books Received.

"Dreams of Life." Timothy Thomas Fortune. (Fortune & Peterson, New York.)
"Chess Openings." James Mason. (Horace Cos. London J. The Baking Powder Controversy. Vol. I. A. Creasy Morrison. (The American Baking Powder Association, New York.)

The Rose of Life. M. E. Braddon. (Brentano's.)

"Municipal Ownership and Operation of Public
Utilities in New York City." Samuel Seabury.
(Municipal Ownership Publishing Company, New
York.)

THE THIRTEENTH GOES TO CAMP. Guardsmen Fill Thirty-two Cars on Their Way to Plum Island.

The Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn departed last night for Fort Terry, Plum departed last night for Fort Terry, Flum Island, for its annual camp duty. The regiment will be there ten days. The big Sumner avenue armory was a busy place several hours before the men got away. Friends and relatives were out in force and according to Regimental Adjutant Thomas R. Fleming, there were six girls to every were the regimental programments.

R. Fleming, there were six girls to every member leaving.

Call to quarters was sounded at 10 o'clock and ten minutes later assembly was given. Some little time was spent in equalizing the companies, and it was 10:30 o'clock before orders were given to move. Once in the street no time was lost, and twenty minutes later the regiment arrived at the Bedford station of the Long Island Railroad. Here was a special train of thirty-two cars, and the men were put aboard with despatch.

two cars, and the men were put aboard with despatch...

It was 11 o'clock when the first section of the train pulled out of the station. Col. David E. Austen and his entire staff were aboard this section and William A. Turpin, senior Major of the regiment, was in command. The second section got away about ten minutes later. It was in charge of Major James T. Ashley.

Hudson County Reports Growth. The population of Hudson county, ac ording to the census returns just filed, is 449,896, an increase of 63,848 over the Federal census of 1900. There are thirteen municipalities in the county. The population of its three cities is as follows: Jersey City, 232,699; Hoboken, 65,464, and Bayonne, 42,441. The Book of the Hour and of Lasting Value.

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The date of the first American production The date of the first American production of Bernard Shaw's comedy "Man and Superman" at the Hudson Theater has been changed to Tuesday, Sept. 5. Three Dillingham attractions were to have opened in New York Monday, Sept. 4, but to avoid a division of interest and attention he has rearranged his plans so that on that date he will present only one dramatic attraction—Maxine Elliott in the Clyde Fitch comedy "Her Great Match" at the Criterion Theater, and one musical attraction, Lulu Glaser in the Smith-Herbert piece, "Miss Dolly Dollars." at the Knickerbocker Theater.

ter.

The Bijou Theater has been undergoing extensive renovation since the close of last season, and when it is opened again early in September it will scarcely be recognized. It has been renovated throughout and redecorated, and the stage has been remodeled. Warfield opens the season in "The Music Master" Sept. 2.

PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS



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